DIVISION OF THE HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91125

WATERY WORDS: LANGUAGE, SEXUALITY, AND MOTHERHOOD IN JOYCE'S FICTION

Randolph N. Splitter

HUMANITIES WORKING PAPER 46

May 1980

ABSTRACT

The idea of a dangerous, dirty, or lifegiving stream of water, bodily fluids, or even words -- as if words were the essence of life itself -- recurs throughout Joyce's work and becomes the prevailing, dominant metaphor of Finnegans Wake. Indeed, the maternal sea in which Stephen Dedalus fears he may drown is also the sordid, seductive, sustaining tide of life or language which the Joycean artist, absorbing it into himself, penetrated by it, transforms into art. In a sense, Joyce's selfconscious emphasis, in Finnegans Wake, on the "literalness" of language and the "metaphoricity" of relations between things is both "logocentric" and "deconstructive," preserving a delicate balance between the knowledge that words are signs which need to be interpreted (in the context, it would seem, of childhood relationships) and the fantasy that they are a magical essence which one needs, simply, to possess. What may disappoint us, however, is that Joyce's preoccupation both with language and with infantile fantasy is so repetitive, so monotonous, so obsessive. In attempting to deal with personal relationships and personal conflicts by these means, he also to some extent avoids them. This may be the legacy of a shame-ridden, sexually confused culture, whose fathers were often unable to be adequate fathers and whose mothers -- in carrying out the role of what they believed a "good mother" to be -- may not have been so good for their children after all.

WATERY WORDS: LANGUAGE, SEXUALITY, AND MOTHERHOOD IN JOYCE'S FICTION

As, in spirit, Joyce's writings drew nearer to the common man, so, in form, they drew farther away from the common man's notion of what fiction should be; as the artist learned to recognize and accept his identity with the citizen, so he was freed from citizen-like inhibitions on the practice of his art.

- C. H. Peake, James Joyce: The Citizen and the Artist

Turned towards the lost or impossible presence of the absent origin, this . . . thematic of broken immediacy is therefore the saddened, negative, nostalgic, guilty, Rousseauistic side of the thinking of play whose other side would be the Nietzschean affirmation, that is the joyous affirmation of the play of the world and of the innocence of becoming, the affirmation of a world of signs without fault, without truth, and without origin which is offered to an active interpretation.

- Jacques Derrida, "Structure, Sign, and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences"

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour.
. . . in the economy of heaven, foretold by Hamlet, there are no more marriages, glorified man, an androgynous angel, being a wife unto himself.

- Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's Ulysses

I

The method of this paper is psychoanalytic. But since that label covers a multitude of sins, let me explain. By psychoanalytic interpretation, in the first place, I mean nothing more than an attempt to trace the connections between recurrent or related words, images, or metaphors in a text or series of texts and an accompanying recognition that these metaphorical connections are less likely to suggest a single, unified meaning than to delineate an ambivalent field of contradictory, conflicting desires. This kind of

interpretation aims to read a text without preconceptions, especially without orthodox Freudian preconceptions about oedipal conflict and psychosexual development. However, despite traditional (New Critical) assumptions about the absolute autonomy of an individual text, it does not seem possible to interpret a text without some sort of explanatory context.[1] And in the (post-Freudian) psychoanalytic model that I am describing, that explanatory context is provided by the general hypothesis that childhood patterns of thinking and feeling exercise a strongly determining influence on later forms of expression -- and that these patterns themselves depend on early parent-child relationships. In this context, one is less likely to be concerned with oedipal conflicts over specifically sexual desires than with more fundamental ("preoedipal") questions about sexual differences, personal relations, and the imagined boundaries of an individual's "self," particularly the threat or promise of transgressing those boundaries.[2] And, finally, this emphasis upon early childhood relations does not presuppose that the modern nuclear family -- or the nineteenth century bourgeois family, which we sometimes imagine has not changed -- is the only context in which children have grown up, a context which we could then take for granted and ignore. On the contrary, as recent studies in family history have shown, familial relationships have not been the same at all times and in all cultures, the bourgeois family is not a universal norm, and -- perhaps most importantly -- the interrelationship between "the family" and the society at large is also subject to change.[3] As a methodological corollary, then, if one interprets a literary text in the context of early childhood relations, one should also study these relations in

the context of the family life of a specific period and culture.

II

In Joyce's story "The Dead" Gabriel Conroy observes his wife Gretta standing on the stairs, listening to music which turns out to be Bartell D'Arcy playing the piano and singing. Gretta's attitude of "grace and mystery" is so striking that she seems, to Gabriel, to be "a symbol of something": "He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of" (D 210).[4] Gabriel doesn't answer this question, but he imagines a painting of this scene, of this image, which he would call Distant Music, emphasizing what can't be heard (or seen) in the painting itself and what he himself can't hear. The frozen, painted image of Gretta on the stairs is an example of the arrested epiphanies that Stephen Dedalus proposes as the basis of literary art, and the separation of Gabriel from Gretta and the distant music illustrates Stephen's theory of the detached, impersonal artist -- except that Gabriel does not actually paint the painting and the invisible "artist" implied by the scene is Mr. D'Arcy, who provides the distant, unheard music. Gabriel's characteristic aloofness is of course typical of Joyce's semiautobiographical heroes, including the would-be artist Stephen, but in fact the image of someone listening to distant music -- especially if it were the image of a man listening to a woman's voice -- is (as we shall see) a recurrent, revealing "symbol" of Joyce's art, of the psychological position of the Joycean artist.

When the phrase "distant music" occurs again, a few pages

further on, it refers to words that Gabriel had written to Gretta years before ("Like distant music these words that he had written . . ."), and these words themselves contrast the "dull and cold" words that Gabriel writes to Gretta with the word that signifies Gretta herself, her own name: "Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?" (D 214) No word that Gabriel writes can capture the feeling he wants to communicate to her or the tenderness he hopes to receive from her in return. In a sense Gabriel wishes that he could capture Gretta's love (capture Gretta herself) in a word or a name, but these words are like distant music which he can't quite hear. Joyce's artist-heroes fear that their own words are empty, insubstantial, lifeless substitutes for what they really want, but (as we shall see) they remain seduced by the fantasy that a woman will whisper magically powerful, lifegiving words of love into their ear.

In "The Dead" the image of a man or woman separated from someone or something by a door or window appears (in all these variations) many times. Gabriel thinks how cold and refreshing it would be to stand outside in the snow, where people may be "gazing up at the lighted windows" (D 202): "Gabriel's warm trembling fingers tapped the cold pane of the window" (D 192). In a scene that Gabriel remembers with pleasure, he and Gretta are standing outside "in the cold, looking in through a grated window" at a man working at a furnace. Gretta asks the man if the fire is hot, but -- as in the case of Gabriel and Mr. D'Arcy's song -- he cannot hear her. And near the end of the story Gretta remembers Michael Furey, the boy who loved her, standing outside her window in the cold rain. He throws gravel

against the window, but the window is so wet that she can't see out. Michael used to sing The Lass of Aughrim ("O, the rain falls on my heavy locks/And the dew wets my skin,/My babe lies cold . . ." [D 210]), the very song that Mr. D'Arcy sings to Gretta.

Clearly, the repetition of these similar images underscores the problem of Gabriel's detachment from other people, especially his wife, and the contrast between cold rain or snow and hot fire has special implications for Gabriel. Though Michael seems to die from standing too long in the rain (as suggested in the song as well), though the most obvious contrast would be between the "warm" life indoors among other people and the death of someone who is forced to stay outside by himself in the cold, though Gabriel's own desire for Gretta is often described (vaguely) in terms of a smoldering fire ("the tender fires of stars," the "kindling" of memories, "the dull fires of his lust" [D 213, 215, 219]), nonetheless Gabriel wants to leave what seems to him the hot, stuffy, oppressive atmosphere of the party and escape into the cold, pure, refreshing air outside, where the snow ultimately comes to seem (at the end of the story) like a protective, insulating blanket upon the earth. Morever, the "purple," Pateresque rhetoric of Gabriel's desire inextricably combines fires with waves, so that inner warmth merges with the imagery of falling snow and rain: "A sudden tide of joy," "A wave of yet more tender joy . . . went coursing in warm flood along his arteries," moments of their life together "burst like stars" and "broke" like waves upon his memory (D 212-3). All these images help prepare us for the final, famous image of the snow falling on all the living and the dead,

covering up the difference between them, joining them all in a swooning dissolution of souls: "the solid world itself . . . was dissolving and dwindling" (D 223). Feeling cut off from his wife -- who is herself cut off from the dead boy who has, however, been restored in her memory, in her thoughts -- Gabriel resigns himself to a kind of deathlike sleep, in which the cold snow seems to insulate him from the embarrassingly uncontrollable fires of his own emotions, from human contact in general.

But Gabriel's fantasy of sleepy death also implies the exact opposite, suggesting an identification between Gabriel and the boy buried under the snow and, as we have seen, overcoming the separations between living and dead, past and present, everyone and everyone else, by dissolving all boundaries and divisions in an all-engulfing "tide" of snow. The verbal repetitions, the gentle rhythms, the soft, liquid l's and s's of the last paragraph -- "falling softly . . . softly falling . . . . falling too . . . . His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly . . . and faintly falling . . . ." (D 223-4) -- all reinforce the sense of peaceful, harmonious resolution, almost lulling us to sleep along with Gabriel. But, given the opposing implications of the closing image, given the ambiguous mixture of sympathy and resignation in Gabriel's distant affection toward Gretta at the end, it is difficult to say whether anything is resolved. Gabriel's generous, self-denying sympathy also enables him to resume his self-protective detachment, to love at a safe distance, as in the central image of him looking on at his wife while she listens to someone else ("distant music"). The final image of the

snow repeats earlier images of emotional detachment even as it suggests an end to all earlier separations, and of course Gabriel is not really "joined" to anyone else except in his own mind or simply in Joyce's words, in a deliberately vague fantasy of engulfment, merger, and death. In this closing image, death -- so prominent a motif in the story, linked with the emotion-filled past and with the primitive, peasant west of Ireland (the mythical land of the dead being also the place where life originates) -- becomes more reassuring than frightening, at least in fantasy, enabling one to escape the problems of life while neatly resolving (or dissolving) them at the same time. If nothing else, the image of death as a swooning dissolution and fusion of souls proves to be a good way to end a story, promising union while preserving detachment, providing a sense of resolution without solving any particular problems. But this double sense of simultaneous merger and detachment, of emotional involvement manipulated from afar, through a carefully orchestrated use of language, is in fact characteristic of Joyce's fiction.

III

In A Portrait of the Artist Stephen thinks of life as a powerful tide -- within or outside him -- threatening to overflow his defenses and boundaries: "How foolish his aim had been! He had tried to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interests and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the water had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle

fiercely above the crumbled mole" (P98). Sordid tide of life, new filial relations: as the snowy ending of "The Dead" intimates or at least anticipates, the idea of a dangerous, dirty, or lifegiving stream of water, bodily fluids, or even words -- as if words were the essence of life itself -- recurs throughout Joyce's work and becomes the prevailing, dominant metaphor of Finnegans Wake.

In the first chapter of A Portrait, "real life" seems to be represented for Stephen by the cold slimy water in the ditch behind the outhouse, the dirty water sucked down a drain, the "earthy" rainwater of the countryside, and the warm turfcolored bogwater of the bath; these are the signs of the reality that attracts and repels him at the same time. This recurrent, almost obsessive image of "dirty water," alternately warm and cold like the bed after he has wet it (P7), seems to represent an internal/external sea in which Stephen's own "self" floats like a leaky boat. In A Portrait he dreads "the cold infrahuman odour of the sea" (P167), and in Ulysses his guilt over his mother's death is linked with his fear of drowning (in literal or figurative waters). The actual green sea -- called a "great sweet mother" by Buck Mulligan, quoting Swinburne -- reminds Stephen of the "green sluggish bile" (U5) which his mother had spit up while dying, and drowning seems to be Stephen's image of the punishment his mother might inflict upon him, forcing him to join her in death, engulfing him at last in retribution for his wish to be free of her: "I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see! Who's behind me? Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all

sides . . . ? . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost" (U45-6). If the sea that frightens Stephen is not just the actual green sea washing up on the shore, encircling Ireland, not even a "snotgreen" (U5) sea, it may also be the internal flow of dark red blood within a woman's body: "Tides, myriad-islanded, within her, blood not mine, oinopa ponton, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled" (U47-8). In short, Stephen imagines death as a return to a "watery" womb.

If, in A Portrait, he identifies himself with his mythical ancestor Daedalus flying above the waves, he also thereby risks falling into the sea and drowning, like Daedalus's son Icarus: "The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. . . . Not to fall was too hard, too hard" (P162). Indeed, it is necessary (according to Stephen) for the budding artist to "fall" into the disorderly profusion of life -- "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph" (P172) -- in order that he may rise again into the higher, purer realm of art. When, after his precise, scholastic theorizing on the lofty detachment of the writer, he actually writes a poem, he imagines the "temptress" of his villanelle enclosing him in a maternal embrace -- or rather a womblike bath: "Her nakedness . . . enfolded him like water with a liquid life" (P223). And he imagines the poem itself doing the same thing, the words flowing over him and surrounding him instead of simply staying put within his mind: "and like a cloud of vapour or like waters circumfluent in space the liquid letters of speech, symbols of the element of mystery, flowed forth over his brain" (P223).

Being an artist, for Stephen, means rising above the sordid reality of everyday life, holding himself aloof from it, but it also -- at least in his imagination, in the act of writing -- means surrendering to his own physical desires, as he previously "surrendered" himself to a prostitute. Even in the encounter with the prostitute, in which her lips seem to be "the vehicle of a vague speech" (P101), Stephen initially feels himself penetrated by a flood or stream of vaguely human noises: "He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being" (P100). And this vaguely human presence, this stream of subverbal sounds, elicits from him another sound, "a cry for an iniquitous abandonment" which is also the sound of a "dirty" word: "the echo of an obscene scrawl which he had read on the oozing wall of a urinal" (P100). Even this primitive cry is the echo of words that he has read -- though not in any book -- produced in him by the sound of seductive noises in his ear.

If the artist, like Daedalus, forges "in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being" (P169), a being which is in one sense his new artist-self, then the process of artistic creation becomes a kind of alchemical transformation of base substances, earthbound matter, into ethereal, immaterial spirit. Thus the artist is, in Stephen's famous phrase, " a priest of eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of

experience into the radiant body of everliving life" (P221). But this quasireligious "sublimation" of matter into spirit, freeing the soul from its physical trappings, represents just one side of Joyce's ambivalent feelings. Throughout the rest of his work, he emphasizes the physical, down-to-earth "origins" of art, reversing the idealizing, spiritualizing strategies of Romantic (and religious) rhetoric. In the opening chapter of Ulysses, Mulligan, who parodies the transubstantiation of the Mass (U3) and jokes about the ability of Jesus to turn water into wine (U19), makes another joke about the difficulty of distinguishing tea from "water": " -- When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water. . . . So I do, Mrs. Cahill, says she. Begob, ma'am, says Mrs. Cahill, God send you don't make them in the one pot" (U12). In fact, old mother Grogan makes water (urine) out of the tea that she drinks, performing a minor miracle of transubstantiation that Joyce employs again -- identifying tea with urine as a magically fertile substance -- in Finnegans Wake. But in Finnegans Wake the trick is to turn urine into art. Indeed, the maternal sea in which Stephen fears he may drown is also the sordid, seductive, sustaining "tide of life" which the Joycean artist, absorbing it into himself, penetrated by it, transforms into art.

IV

In the Wake, the hissing, whispering sound of Issy urinating -- listen! listen! I am doing it, she seems to be saying, onomatopoetically -- is erotic music to Shaun's ears, and Joyce implies that Shaun also drinks what he is listening to. Like the

murmuring noises that besiege Stephen's ears as he walks among the prostitutes, this erotic stream is a flow of human sounds and (on one level) of words. By the same token, the babbling, bubbling sound of the river/woman Anna Livia -- the sound of the flowing water identified with the gossipy speech of the washerwomen on the river banks -- combines the idea of hearing someone's words with the more literal, more directly physical activity of drinking water -- or of an infant nursing at its mother's breast. In the original song "Finnegan's Wake" -- where of course words and music are joined -- the hod-carrier Finnegan, having fallen from his ladder after drinking too much, "wakes" from the dead when the celebrants at his wake accidentally spill whiskey over his body. Joyce combines this story with the legend of Finn MacCool, the mythical giant-hero, lying buried beside the river Liffey. Instead of Finnegan's whiskey, the lifegiving words or sounds of the maternal river will wake him up some day. Right now "Words weigh no more to him than raindrips to Rethfernhim"(FW74), but the sound of her flowing waters (unlike the rivers of Babylonian exile in Psalm 137, which Joyce parodies) seems to console him: "and we list, as she bibs us, by the waters of babalong" (FW103).

More perversely, Earwicker, Finn MacCool's modern-day avatar, the godlike giant-hero reduced to human dimensions, is said to have been listening to two girls urinating in the bushes. At the same time, according to the accusatory reports of this "primal scene" in the park, this scene of infantile sexuality in Joyce's Garden of Eden, Earwicker may have been sexually assaulted by three (male) soldiers:

"When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus/And he caught his death of fusiliers,/With his rent in his rears" (FW47). Moreover, Earwicker appears to get his name from his practice of catching earwigs, little insects that are popularly supposed to crawl inside people's ears, hence their French name perce-oreille (Joyce's Persse O'Reilly). In short, given the sexual connotations that Joyce associates with "penetration" through the ear, Earwicker's spying -- or, one might say, eavesdropping -- upon the girls in the park might be imagined as another sexual assault upon him, a penetration through his ear by the erotic sound of women urinating.

In the highly revealing story of the prankquean,[5] where pubkeeper Earwicker is represented by Jarl van Hoother in his castle on the Hill of Howth, Joyce's wording implies that the aggressive, seductive prankquean -- a marauding female pirate who kidnaps the Jarl's children -- urinates on the doorstep of the castle. In the three successive versions of the narrative, she makes her wit/witter/wittest (wetting the door or the Jarl himself) and goes off raining in the wilderness like a fertility goddess. Here again sexual activity is reduced to urinating and urinating to making (verbal) noises, while, at the same time, words themselves acquire a sexual connotation. The "wit" or joke that the prankquean makes is, in one sense, the suggestive riddle that she asks the Jarl: "why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease?" (FW21). Challenging him to answer the riddle, she also asks him for a pot of porter (please). The riddle implies, however, that she is like a pot of porter, that she possesses a kind of inflammatory "firewater" (like the liferestoring

whiskey splashed on Finnegan) which can inflame the Jarl's passions: "And she lit up and fireland was ablaze" (FW21). And this porter, peas, or Piesporter champagne is also, as numerous urinary references attest, the piss that she spills on the Jarl's doorstep. Morever, if the prankquean's question is also a riddle about the difficulty of telling things apart -- why is one thing like another? why is she a "lookalike" twin (like Issy and her mirror-self)? -- the point that this encounter is a "skirtmish" in the war between the sexes suggests that the real difficulty, in a time when "everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else" (FW21), is to tell men apart from women. As if sexual union, tempting as it was, might endanger the separate identity of each individual, engulfing the man in a (watery) quasimaternal fusion: "And they all drank free" (FW23). One version of the prankquean's riddle might be, in other words: why do a man's and woman's urine look alike, if their sexual/urinary organs don't?[6]

The Jarl's response to the prankquean, after telling her twice to shut the door, rejecting her advances and putting up his defenses, is to emerge from the castle in a show of phallic force ("to the whole longth of the strongth of his bowman's bill") and then -- violently, thunderously -- bang the door shut. But what seems like a violent ejaculation is, on closer reading -- "ordurd," "shut up shop," "shot the shutter," "Shut!" -- an attempt to "shit on" his adversary, countering her "wet wit" with "dirty" words of his own. And in the act of shutting or shitting, he produces "the first peace of illiterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world" (FW23). Despite the Jarl's noisy, aggressive, phallic pretensions,

the climax of the tale suggests a reversal of sexual roles: the prankquean splashes her fertile, witty urine (full of double-entendres) on the Jarl's "door" -- if she possesses a sexual flower, he has instead an open door -- and he, as if impregnated by her, inspired by the words she pours into his ear, gives birth to a piece of pottery, poetry, or shit. Just as the prankquean's riddle raises questions about the differences between the sexes, this infantile "anal birth" fantasy enables men to give birth as well as women.[7]

Of course Joyce is joking, but his tendency (in Finnegans Wake) to take everything literally, to equate everything with words and words with bodily substances, allows him to elaborate a psychologically reassuring fantasy of artistic creation. In this fantasy the artist -- while acknowledging his dependence on a maternal muse -- nonetheless maintains his distance from women, reduces sexual relations to an exchange of words, and proves that he is autonomous and self-sufficient after all. As Mulligan says in Ulysses, citing the myth of Zeus giving birth to Athena out of his own head: "I am big with child. I have an unborn child in my brain. Pallas Athena! A play! The play's the thing! Let me parturiate!" (U208). Stephen, likewise, after arguing that paternity may be merely "a legal fiction" and "Amor matris, subjective and objective genitive, . . . the only true thing in life" (U207), draws the "utopian" conclusion that in heaven there will be no more marriages, man will be a wife unto himself, and the suffering, helpless, childlike artist -- now indistinguishable from God (the "playwright who wrote the folio of this world") -- will be transformed into an "androgynous angel,"

permanently self-delighting and self-creating (U213).

If the Joycean artist aspires to the condition of a patriarchal God, nonetheless Joyce's fundamental myth or fantasy of artistic creation -- in its complete version -- places the artist in the role of the Virgin Mary. Writing a romantic poem that sounds like a hymn to Mary, Stephen Dedalus identifies himself with the virgin mother: "O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber" (P217). In fact Joyce seems to be following the medieval tradition that Mary was impregnated by the Holy Ghost -- that is, by the fertilizing breath or Word of God -- through the ear: "Sure, you'd burst the tympanum of her ear, man, . . . with an organ like yours" (U270).[8] But the sexual roles are reversed: instead of Gabriel announcing the miraculous birth in Mary's ear, the Holy Ghost impregnating her through the ear, or, for that matter, the serpent Satan "seducing" Eve by whispering into her ear, Anna Livia pours her magical, fertile, liferestoring stream of words/water/urine into the ear of sleeping/dead Finn/Earwicker. As the prankquean tale suggests, the impending rebirth of this dead father is equated, in Finnegans Wake, with the "birth" of the work of art -- the text of the dream, the buried letter -- from the "motherly" father himself.

Indeed, the mythlike, dreamlike logic of Finnegans Wake -- in which multiple, contradictory meanings coexist without simply canceling each other out -- ensures that sexual differences, generational conflicts, sibling rivalries, public and private hostilities of all kinds, are simultaneously acknowledged and

dissolved. Under the Wake's governing principle of cyclical repetition (à la Giambattista Vico), even death -- the final confirmation of childhood fears, the loss of one's parents, one's world, and one's "self" -- may be denied or undone: "Phall if you but will, rise you must" (FW4). At the end of the book, however, the river is imagined making its final death-voyage into the sea, losing itself (in an eternally repeated cycle) in the "parent" body of water from which it had originally come. In this image of Anna Livia's death, the prevailing roles seem to be reversed once more: the lifegiving mother turns into a helpless, dependent child; she dies while the"dead" father-God lives on forever; she pours her words, her life, her very self into the all-encompassing mind of the dreammer, as if he were the ultimate source of life and meaning. For the sea is identified with a powerful, mad, Lear-like father ("my cold mad feary father" [FW628]): either Manannan ("moananoaning") MacLir, an early Irish sea god, or his father Lir (the sea itself, the mythical precursor of Shakespeare's Lear). And this father-sea is also, apparently, identified with the dreamer Finn MacCool ("Finn, again!"), whose giant Howth head juts out into the bay where the Liffey flows out to sea.

But hasn't the sea always been identified, in Joyce's work, with Mulligan/Swinburne's "great sweet mother," with the bowl of green bile that expands (in Stephen's mind) into the watery, womblike grave in which he might drown? Why, in short, on the last page of Joyce's last novel, has the sea suddenly become a father instead of a mother? It hasn't: the sea in which Anna Livia "drowns" is a mother as well

as a father, another version of the androgynous, Godlike parent which Joyce's artist-heroes would like to rejoin, merge into, and become. If the god of the sea appears to be a Poseidon-like father, the sea itself is peopled by an Amazon-like race of "seahags" who represent the rivers (Amazon and Nile) that have flowed into it: "I can seen meself among them, allaniuvia pulchrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For 'tis they are the stormies" (FW627). As the original meaning of "weird" suggests, these "stormies," though there are only two of them, are (like the two sisters in the first story of Dubliners) the fates, who seem to attack Anna Livia and tear her to pieces like Bacchantes. The reference to Anna Livia's breast makes it seem as if these two wild creatures were just babies snatching at their mother's breast, but this violent embrace (in which river and sea merge) tends to blur the difference between mother and child: in a sense, the two stormies themselves -- in Finnegans Wake, women always come in pairs -- might signify the mother's two breasts, to which Anna Livia (as a wandering, homeless child) returns. Moreover, the rising phallic prongs of the seagod's trident also appear as a pair -- "Two more" -- as if they too were to be identified with a mother's breasts. In short, the Godlike parent to which Anna Livia returns is an androgynous, motherly father, and their passionate, quasisexual Liebestod -- "feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race of the saywint up me ambushure" (FW201) -- represents also a fantasy of mother/child merger, in which separate identities and sexual differences are dissolved in a final mingling of the waters.

In Ulysses, Stephen, fearing that he has "killed" his mother by refusing to pray at her bedside, acting out (like Hamlet) an exaggerated, guiltridden performance of grief, imagines her as a deadly, cannibalistic ghost, as Death itself: "Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!" (U10). In A Portrait, Stephen's image of Irish womanhood is "a batlike soul waking to the consciousness of itself" (P183,221), a blind, ignorant, barely human creature. The pale vampire bat who comes (in Ulysses) to kiss his mother and later himself (U48,132) may be just another version of this cannibalistic, bloodsucking, lifedraining woman, the dead mother who wants to devour her son or, as Stephen describes Ireland, "the old sow that eats her farrow" (P203). Amor matris may be "the only true thing in life" -- "Whatever else is unsure in this stinking dunghill of a world," says Cranly, "a mother's love is not" (P241-2) -- but just because an infant's dependence on his or her mother (his need to believe in her love) is so great, his love for her may turn out to be extremely precarious and ambivalent. Despite Joyce's overt emphasis on fatherhood -- on the reconciliation, even merger, of fathers and sons, which may itself be modeled on the original "symbiosis" of mother and child[9] -- it is the ambivalence of amór matris which is most responsible for the contradictory strategies and polarized feelings of his work. Using the infantile imagery of bodily emissions, identifying water, women, and life itself in a series of shifting metaphors, Joyce expresses -- over and over again -- both the fear of engulfment (the fear of physical, sexual, emotional life) and the desire to relax his self-control, give in to his emotions, and lose his inhibiting self-consciousness in a fusion of self and world. In the late-night fantasies of Ulysses, Bloom

changes sex and submissively obeys the foulmouthed, whipbearing, androgynous brothel-keeper Bella/Bello Cohen, but this is only one side of the Joycean coin. In fact Joyce's heroes oscillate between masochistic fantasies of impotent, effeminate androgyny (weak child submitting to strong parent) and "megalomaniacal" fantasies of omniparental, sexually self-fulfilling androgyny (weak child turning into Godlike parent). In Joyce's world of words, whoever possesses language is the Godlike parent, and Joyce alternates between ascribing that magical possession to a maternal source and claiming it for the artist himself (claiming that the artist <u>is</u> the mother).[10]

V

Joyce was at odds with the culture in which he grew up, rebelling against the repressiveness of Irish Catholicism, denouncing the provincial narrowness of Irish nationalism, and writing difficult, experimental, selfconsciously "modernist" works that have made him seem symptomatic of the modern artist's alienation from society at large. Joyce's antagonism toward Irish society is in part Gabriel Conroy's bourgeois disdain for the rural, primitive, peasant west (that is, rest) of Ireland. If Stephen Dedalus imagines an Irish peasant woman as a barely conscious, batlike creature, he portrays an old man from the west of Ireland as his inevitable enemy: "I fear him, I fear his redrimmed horny eyes. It is with him I must struggle all through this night till day come, till he or I lie dead, gripping him by the sinewy throat till . . ." (P252). As Bernard Benstock observes of Stephen's willingness to leave Ireland: for one whose "small area of city life was already a refuge from the barbaric

encroachments of the outlying country, exile is no new phenomenon: it is only the next phase in a planned withdrawal from hostile territory."[11] Stephen himself has "bourgeois" aspirations of going to the university and escaping the socially precarious "misrule and confusion of his father's house" (P162), aspirations which are threatened by his mother's hostility to new ideas and the very inability of his father -- "a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a taxgatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past" (P241) -- to earn a steady living. These "bourgeois" aspirations are all the stronger because of the unstable, socially marginal circumstances in which he grows up.

Nonetheless, Stephen leaves Ireland in order to save it: by writing poems, by forging in his Daedalian workshop an ideal, ethereal, transcendent being (P169), he will also "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (P253). In short, as C. H. Peake points out (in the quotation cited at the beginning of this paper), Joyce's later works claim to celebrate the simple, non-intellectual, down-to-earth life of the common man even as they become so complex, so different from conventionally realistic novels, that the common man is unlikely to be able to read them.[12] To what extent, then, is Joyce's break with Ireland a typical example of the post-Romantic artist's rebellion against modern bourgeois society? To what extent is it a reaction to a Catholic, Irish culture whose traditional values predated the rise of industrial capitalism (Joyce's Ireland being not a bourgeois, industrial state but rather the small-scale

colony of one)? Are Ulysses and Finnegans Wake typically modernist or even proto-postmodernist works, reflecting widespread historical changes in Western society as a whole? Or is Joyce's work, rather, a highly idiosyncratic "product" of the Irish Catholic culture into which he was born, an uneasy and ambivalent articulation of its inherent problems and conflicts?

Recent studies of the modern family suggest that the guiltridden contradictions of Victorian sexual attitudes arose not simply from the repressiveness of authoritarian fathers in a "patriarchal" society but from a split between the bourgeois family and society, between what had become the private, domestic world of women and the public, political, working world of men.[13] The self-enclosed nuclear family -- in which maternal affection protected children from the dangerous world outside -- came to seem a refuge from harsh reality, and the fathers who nominally presided over these families had less and less to do with their daily, domestic functioning, so that they often became distant, absent authorities rather than personal presences. In short, the essential problem in bourgeois family life was not simply repression but rather the isolation of the family and the polarization of (male and female) social roles. Moreover, even the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Puritan family -- whose attitudes toward sexuality and toward individual responsibility may have contributed a great deal to later bourgeois values -- may have been less rigid, less authoritarian, less repressive than once supposed. Even there, the problem may not have been simply stern, unloving fathers but rather the inability of both

fathers and sons to live up to the patriarchal ideals which prevailed in the culture.[14]

The typical alienation of the (Romantic) artist from bourgeois society, the artist's rejection of bourgeois values, may have arisen (in part) from the same "privatization" of family life which made the bourgeois family itself such an artificial, illusory paradise. The Romantic artist's quest for an ideal aesthetic realm -- above the everyday world or inside himself -- may be seen as an attempt to escape the harsh, competitive society of bourgeois moneymaking and to recreate the lost (familial, maternal) paradise of one's childhood. As such, the Romantic artist is as much a possible "product" of bourgeois life as the man who adopts bourgeois values and becomes a successful banker. Indeed, the self-made man who achieves financial independence has its Romantic, aesthetic counterpart in the autonomous, self-expressive artist who creates something new and original out of nothing but himself. This artist preserves a quasireligious belief in a transcendent, ideal world (even if it is only a lost paradise) while his secular, bourgeois counterpart tends to see "the world" (his world) in materialistic, utilitarian terms, idealizing nothing except possibly the domestic, private family itself. Indeed, the privatization of the family and the accompanying idealization of childhood may have had much to do with the Romantic artist's emphasis upon private, personal experience as a value above all other worldly values.

The kind of family in which Joyce grew up was not simply a carbon copy of the bourgeois family in late Victorian England. Unlike

the more traditional family in rural Ireland, the family in urban Dublin, at the end of the century, was relatively "privatized," cut off from kin and community, notwithstanding the ostensible masculine camaraderie (as in "Cyclops") of the pubs. But the sexual guilt, the glorification of both virginity and motherhood at the expense of sexuality, the very division between the sexes that we have taken to be characteristic of the bourgeois family derived, in Ireland, from a centuries-old Irish Catholic tradition (indeed, predating the introduction of Christianity into Ireland) of asceticism, denial of bodily gratification, and equation of sexuality with sin. (In A Portrait Stephen reveals both the obsessive self-control and the "perverse" physical pleasure that this kind of monastic asceticism implies: "To mortify his smell was more difficult as he found in himself no instinctive repugnance to bad odours whether they were the odours of the outdoor world such as those of dung and tar or the odours of his own person among which he had made many curious comparisons and experiments. He found in the end that the only odour against which his sense of smell revolted was a certain stale fishy stink like that of longstanding urine: and whenever it was possible he subjected himself to this unpleasant odour" (P151).) The Joycean artist is not so much anti-bourgeois as he is against the anti-sexual, anti-intellectual conservatism of an indigenous Irish culture; his problems are not so much the fragmentations of "modern society" (industrial, capitalist, urban, secular) as they are the ancient, traditional dichotomies between spirit and flesh, obedience and desire, purity and sinfulness, men and women, even parents and children.

There are a number of studies of Irish family life, but most are not psychologically sophisticated. An important exception to this is Nancy Scheper-Hughes's sensitive anthropological study of mental illness in contemporary rural Ireland, Saints, Scholars, and Schizophrenics.[15] The poor, depopulated towns and farms of the present-day west of Ireland have problems of their own which are not applicable to Dublin in the 1880's and '90's. But Scheper-Hughes's account points out strains and conflicts in the traditional Irish family which should be applicable to Joyce's time and Joyce's situation as well. Ireland's high rate of celibacy and late marriage -- the causes for which are economic as well as "cultural" -- is matched by its high incidence of mental illness, measured in terms of hospitalization and clinically labelled "schizophrenia." The point is not that Ireland has a lot of crazy people -- the norms and methods of treatment are different in Ireland from what they are elsewhere -- but that the contradictions of Irish family life create a large number of "deviants" who cannot accommodate themselves to (or be accommodated by) prevailing social standards. What are these contradictions? What are the conditions of family life which may make marriage seem undesirable and celibacy a preferable alternative? To begin with, the social activities of men and women -- even within the family -- have traditionally been segregated, and it has been customary for married couples to spend their free time apart -- the men drinking together at the pub, the women at home with the children. The traditional Catholic attitude that sex is evil and sinful -- and a taboo subject for discussion, especially among children and adolescents -- has caused a high premium to be placed on sexual innocence, abstinence,

and "purity," among men as well as women.[16] The contradictions in male and female social roles that characterized the middle-class Victorian family are intensified in the traditional Irish Catholic family. If men and women are divided by fear, mistrust, and guilt, if children mistrust both the opposite sex and their own sexual desires, and if fathers are off working or drinking while children are home with their mothers, a peculiar, ambivalent relation is set up between these mothers and their children, especially their sons.

Moreover, deepseated notions of purity and pollution not only affect sexual relations but create, more generally, a pervasive anxiety about bodily openings and boundaries.[17] This anxiety is manifested in fears of violation and penetration and also, as Scheper-Hughes notes, "in women's beliefs that breast-feeding is 'too draining' an experience, in men's fears of wasting seed, in older villagers' attitudes toward guarding gossip and secrets."[18] As the comment on breastfeeding implies, traditional Irish mothers may have had some misgivings about feeding their children: evidence from folklore and folk medicine suggests (with obvious relevance for Joyce) that, "even in the past, mother's milk was not credited with the curative powers attached to other bodily emissions, including spittle, urine, feces, and blood."[19] And Scheper-Hughes's observation of contemporary rural life suggests that Irish infants -- soon to become shy, sweet, docile, and undemanding children -- may have received surprisingly little attention in the way of holding, rocking, and caressing.[20] These shy, sweet children may grow up to be withdrawn or falsely "gregarious" adults, unwilling or unable to share their

deepest feelings. If fathers are even more remote from their infant children than mothers -- and particularly if those fathers suffered the same kind of maternal deprivation in their own childhood -- the (male) children of such families are likely to be "overdependent" on their ambivalent mothers, unable to outgrow childhood needs or to overcome childhood anxieties, mistrustful of their mothers, other women, people in general, and the world at large. Moreover, perhaps partly because of their experience of "mothering" at the hands of their own mothers, Irish mothers have tended to be jealous and possessive toward their sons, resentful of their sons' desires to marry or leave home. This overemphasis upon emotionally confused familial relations at the expense of romantic, sexual, extrafamilial ones fosters celibacy, late marriage, and unhappy marriages that perpetuate the mistakes of the past.

Stanislaus Joyce, who hated his father, the Church, and Ireland more vehemently than his brother James -- "I loathe my father. I loathe him because he is himself, and I loathe him because he is Irish -- Irish, that word that epitomises all that is loathsome to me."[21] -- presents a picture of his father as a man whose virtues, whatever they might be, did not include being a good father to his children: "Pappie is the only child of an only child (his father) and therefore the spoiled son of a spoiled son, the spendthrift son of a spendthrift. . . . He is domineering and quarrelsome and has in an unusual degree that low, voluble abusiveness characteristic of the Cork people when drunk. . . . His idea of the home is a well-furnished house in which he can entertain and his children grow up

under their mother's care, and to which, having spent the evening in drinking and story-telling with his friends, he can return to lord it and be obeyed."[22] Of his father's relations with his brother, Stanislaus notes in his diary: "Pappie has been drunk for the last three days. He has been shouting about getting Jim's arse kicked. Always the one word.'O yes! Kick him, by God! Break his arse with a kick, break his booody arse with three kicks!'"[23] According to Stanislaus, his mother was the saint who put up with a drunken husband and tried to hold the family together, though he admits that open expression of feelings, affection, and even love were not the norms of Joyce family life: "An ever-watchful anxiety for her children, a readiness to sacrifice herself to them utterly, and a tenacious energy to endure for their sakes replaced love in a family not given to shows of affection. . . . It is understanding and not love that makes the confidence between Mother and children so natural though unacknowledged, so unreserved though nothing is confessed. . . . She was a selfish drunkard's unselfish wife."[24]

James Joyce grew tolerant of his father and struggled, in his writings, with the problem of being a father. But he also reveals the intense ambivalence that growing up in such a family -- divided, full of hostility, not given to shows of affection -- can create, an ambivalence directed especially toward the mother upon whom he must depend so desperately for emotional support. Joyce's works clearly reflect the Catholic tradition of asceticism and repression in which he grew up -- as much by their obsessive concentration on bodily functions and products as by their early ideal of scrupulous, unemotional detachment -- but Joyce is just as clearly the exception

that proves the rule, the oldest son who leaves home, runs off with a woman, breaks with established values, and violates the taboo against discussing sexual matters. Indeed, his rebellion against Irish values is extremely ambivalent, and he remains deeply attached to home and country, to childhood conflicts which he can never completely outgrow. It is particularly significant that he demonstrates sexual freedom by writing scatological books, translating sexual relations into infantile fantasies about excretion.

Even his obsession with language, sometimes taken to be the vehicle of rational, intellectual thought, reflects deepseated, primitive cultural influences. For language, in Joyce's terms, is also (as we have seen) a quasimaterial, quasisexual substance which can penetrate the boundaries of one's body and provide the physical, emotional satisfactions that one is otherwise denied. Where children are likely to be shy, withdrawn, and mistrustful of others, where gossip, pubtalk, and popular storytelling replace more intimate forms of communication, language may come to seem particularly valuable to the poets and fiction-writers who make the world of words their own special, personal province. And, as Scheper-Hughes points out, in a culture where primitive fears about purity and pollution remain strong, even the prescribed rituals of Holy Communion and confession raise anxieties about what one is "taking in" or "giving out": "The 'giving out' of sins in confession was particularly anxiety-provoking for many villagers, and their scrupulosity was expressed in an agonizing regard for the proper religious fulfillment of the sacrament."[25] Wherever Joyce got his sense of language as a magical substance -- from the French symbolistes, from the ritualistic Latin mass, from

ancient Celtic tradition, or from the contrast between his father's drunken volubility and the feelings that were left, in his family, unexpressed -- his central fantasy of artistic creation turns the artist into a kind of priest, who listens to the confession of a mother's secret words and (by taking those words into himself, in a kind of communion) transforms them into -- or reveals them to be -- something almost sacred.

VI

Finnegans Wake seems to aspire to a myth of total "presence": in the overcoming of differences, in the merger of separate (even opposing) identities, in the dissolution of boundaries, in the abrogation of time and death, and in the fantasy of an animistic world of words, continuous, unbroken, self-contained and all-inclusive, in which the whole is present in every part, in every double-entendre. It is precisely this "logocentric" myth of verbal presence, this illusory search for the origin and source of truth, meaning, reality, or "life," that the critic/philosopher Jacques Derrida has so persistently warned against -- even if the center or origin of the Joycean logos seems to alternate between the artist and his mother, between the book that claims to contain the world and the world that seems to remain, indifferently, outside the book.[26] Nonetheless, one of Derrida's metaphors for the "economy" of verbal exchange is dissémination, which seems to imply that language (in Plato's Phaedrus as in Finnegans Wake) has a seminal, quasisexual power after all.[27] In Plato, a man disseminates wisdom or truth by sowing verbal seeds (spermata) in another person's mind, "fathering" new ideas in others

by means of an intellectual, idealized, "sublimated" version of sexual -- or, as the context makes clear, homosexual -- relations. (In Plato as in Joyce, the recipient of the logos is male.) Derrida would disown the idea of intellectual fatherhood, claiming that no one can possess truth and that, rather than fathering our ideas on others, we are all constantly and indiscriminately violated by the perpetual dissemination of language.

But Finnegans Wake supports this view too, giving the impression that its ambiguous puns and wordplays generate (or regenerate) an infinite and inexhaustible interplay of possible meanings. Thus, in contrast to "the lost or impossible presence of the absent origin," the nostaligic logocentrism of Western literature and philosophy, Derrida invokes at least the possibility of "the joyous affirmation of the play of the world and of the innocence of becoming, the affirmation of a world of signs without fault, without truth, and without origin which is offered to an active interpretation."[28] Or, in the words of Molly Bloom: "yes I said yes I will Yes" (U783). It is hard to know what this joyous affirmation -- the other side of Derrida's rigorous, scrupulous skepticism, which some readers have taken for nihilism -- would or could be, but its strategy of denying the problems of guilt, absence, and loss by "affirming" the playful innocence of indeterminate "interpretation" seems surprisingly naive and utopian.[29]

Indeed, Joyce's "utopian" fantasies of reconciliation and rebirth, of an animistic (quasimaternal) world of words, are qualified by the Wake's self-reflexive status as a dreamlike, fictional, verbal

text, the implication being that these fantasies are only fantasies, the words only words -- "empty," insubstantial signs which do not have the magical properties that they claim for themselves. Joyce's seriocomic literalism, his conscious, deliberate use of infantile fantasies -- most simply, identifying words with urine, art with shit -- is itself a verbal, literary strategy (the final, "late" mode of Joycean irony, farcical and clownish) for overcoming or pretending to overcome the disturbing divisions between child and parent, male and female, self and world. If Derrida insists that original creation is impossible, that every piece of writing appropriates whatever meanings it may have from every other piece of writing, Joyce could only (in his own case) agree, confessing along with Shem that his work was an "epical forged cheque" (FW181), the "last word in stolentelling" (FW424). But he would not feel guilty about these literary thefts, reserving his deeper anxieties (and ironies) for his "saddened, . . . nostalgic, guilty, Rousseauistic" sense of dependence on a lost or absent origin (a mother).

In a sense, Joyce's selfconscious emphasis, in the Wake, on the "literalness" of language and the "metaphoricity" of relations between things is both "logocentric" and "deconstructive," preserving a delicate balance between the knowledge that words are signs which need to be interpreted (in the context, it would seem, of childhood relationships) and the fantasy that they are a magical essence which one needs, simply, to possess. It is perhaps this balance which makes Finnegans Wake so interesting and so exemplary a work of fiction. What may disappoint us, however -- depending upon what we hope to find

-- is that Joyce's preoccupation both with language and with infantile fantasy is so repetitive, so monotonous, so obsessive. In attempting to deal with personal relationships and personal conflicts by these means, he also to some extent avoids them. This too may be the legacy of a shame-ridden, sexually confused culture, whose fathers were often unable to be adequate fathers and whose mothers -- in carrying out the role of what they believed a "good mother " to be -- may not have been so good for their children after all.

NOTES

1. See Gerald Graff, Literature Against Itself (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979) and Michael Sherwood, The Logic of Explanation in Psychoanalysis (New York: Academic Press, 1969).

2. See Nancy Chodorow, The Reproduction of Mothering: Psychoanalysis and the Sociology of Gender (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978); Robert J. Stoller, "Symbiosis Anxiety and the Development of Masculinity," Perversion: The Erotic Form of Hatred (New York: Delta, 1975), pp. 135-62; and D. W. Winnicott, "Transitional Objects and Transitional Phenomena," Through Paediatrics to Psycho-Analysis (New York: Basic Books, 1975), pp. 229-42.

3. In addition to Chodorow's The Reproduction of Mothering, see Mark Poster, Critical Theory of the Family (New York: Seabury Press, 1978), Christopher Lasch, Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged (New York: Basic Books, 1977), and Lasch, The Culture of Narcissism (New York: Norton, 1978). Philippe Ariès, Centuries of Childhood: A Social History of Family Life, trans. Robert Baldick (New York: Knopf, 1962) and Richard Sennett, The Fall of Public Man (New York: Knopf, 1977) are interesting and significant, but their authors' misgivings about modern family life correspond to a misleading overvaluation of past forms of public, social life.

4. References to Joyce's works, in the text, are to the following editions: Dubliners (New York: Viking, 1968) (D); A Portrait of the Artist as a

Young Man (New York: Viking, 1964) (P); Ulysses (New York: Vintage, 1961) (U); and Finnegans Wake (New York: Viking, 1959) (FW).

5. On the prankquean tale, see Margaret C. Solomon, Eternal Geomater: The Sexual Universe of Finnegans Wake (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1969) and Bernard Benstock, Joyce-Again's Wake (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1965), pp. 267-96.

6. Cf. Ernest Jones, "The Symbolic Significance of Salt [and Urine] in Folklore and Superstition," Essays in Applied Psycho-Analysis (London: International Psycho-Analytical Press, 1923), pp. 112-203. My addition to title. The rosy/pale flower that the prankquean apparently pulls out of her bag of tricks, before "making her wit" - reminiscent of the red and white roses in Molly Bloom's monologue - suggests two kinds of fluids, menstrual blood and urine, which flow out of the region where a woman may be "deflowered." Bloom uses "roses" (U79) as a euphemism for menstruation. On the symbolic significance of menstruation, for men, see Bruno Bettelheim, Symbolic Wounds (New York: Collier, 1962). And on the symbolic significance of the quasiphallic "flower" of female virginity, see Randolph Splitter, "Proust, Joyce, and the Theory of Metaphor," Literature and Psychology, XXIX, 1 & 2 (1979), 4-18.

7. See Sigmund Freud, "On the Sexual Theories of Children" and "On Transformations of Instinct as Exemplified in Anal Erotism," The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud, trans. & ed. James Strachey et al., 24 vols. (London: Hogarth Press, 1953-74), IX, 205-26 and XVII, 125-34.

8. See Ernest Jones, "The Madonna's Conception Through the Ear," Essays in

Applied Psycho-Analysis, pp. 261-359.

9. See the works (already cited) by Chodorow and Stoller, as well as Stoller's Sex and Gender, 2 vols. (New York: Jason Aronson, 1968, 1975).

10. The best psychoanalytic study of Joyce, possibly the best critical work of any kind on Joyce, to which I am greatly indebted, is Mark Shechner, Joyce in Nighttown (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974). Other valuable psychoanalytic commentaries on Joyce include: Chester G. Anderson, "Baby Tuckoo: Joyce's 'Features of Infancy,'" in Approaches to Joyce's Portrait, ed. Thomas F. Staley & Bernard Benstock (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1976); Anderson, "James Joyce as Sunny Jim: A Tale of a Tub," James Joyce Quarterly, 13, 3(Spring 1976), 328-49; Sheldon R. Brivic, "James Joyce: From Stephen to Bloom," in Psychoanalysis and Literary Process, ed. Frederick Crews (Cambridge, Mass.: Winthrop,1970), pp. 118-62; Brivic, "Joyce in Progress: A Freudian View," James Joyce Quarterly, 13, 3(Spring 1976), 306-27; Alan Dundes, "Re: Joyce - No In At the Womb," Modern Fiction Studies, 8 (Summer 1962), 137-47; and also Randolph Splitter, "The Sane and Joyful Spirit," James Joyce Quarterly, 13, 3 (Spring 1976), 350-65. Another work which employs a psychoanalytic approach -- Freud filtered through Lacan, Lévi-Strauss, and Derrida -- is Margot Norris's excellent study The Decentered Universe of Finnegans Wake: A Structuralist Analysis (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976). (See also note 29.)

11. Bernard Benstock, James Joyce: The Undiscover'd Country (New York:

Barnes & Noble, 1977), p. 39.

12. C. H. Peake, James Joyce: The Citizen and the Artist (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1977), p. 363.

13. See the works cited in note 3.

14. See David Leverenz, The Language of Puritan Feeling: An Exploration in Literature, Psychology, and Social History (New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press, 1980). Of particular relevance to Joyce's quasitheological fantasies about language is the Puritan image (examined by Leverenz) of ministers as the breasts of God, nourishing the people at large with the spiritual milk of God's Word.

15. Nancy Scheper-Hughes, Saints, Scholars, and Schizophrenics: Mental Illness in Rural Ireland (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979). On pre-Christian Irish asceticism, see p. 219, n. 11. See also Conrad M. Arensberg and Solon T. Kimball, Family and Community in Ireland (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1968) and Alexander J. Humphreys, New Dubliners: Urbanization and the Irish Family (New York: Fordham University Press, 1966).

16. Indeed, Scheper-Hughes claims that, in an inversion of the Mediterranean/ Latin American association of "shame" with women and "honor" with men, in rural Ireland "men are the bearers of sexual pollution and shame and women the bearers of ritual honor and purity, another barrier that divides the sexes" (p. 105). I'm not sure, however, that shame and honor can be divided between the sexes: Stephen Dedalus wants to protect the inviolability of his imagination's "virgin womb," and Joyce's

heroes imagine the sexual "pollutions" of women -- urine and menstrual blood -- as magically fertile substances by which they would like to be "polluted."

17. See Mary Douglas, Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo (New York: Praeger, 1966).

18. Scheper-Hughes, p. 122.

19. Ibid., p. 146.

20. Ibid., p. 133+.

21. The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce, ed. George Harris Healey (Cornell University Press, 1962), p. 28.

22. Ibid., pp. 16-7.

23. Ibid., p. 46.

24. Ibid., pp. 18-9.

25. Scheper-Hughes, p. 122 and also pp. 124-5.

26. See esp. Jacques Derrida, Of Grammatology, trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976) and "Structure, Sign, and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences," Writing and Difference, trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1978), pp. 278-94. On the "decentered" structure or non-structure of Finnegans Wake, in this Derridean sense, see Margot Norris, The Decentered Universe of Finnegans Wake, esp. pp. 119-40.

27. See Derrida, "La pharmacie de Platon, "La dissémination (Paris: Seuil, 1972), pp. 69-197.

28. "Structure, Sign, and Play," p. 292.

29. This "indeterminate" reading of Finnegans Wake in particular, as an infinite and inexhaustible interplay of possible meanings which violates traditional literary, cultural, or even political codes and thereby helps to create a new (non-hierarchical, non-authoritarian, non-structured) order, has recently become very prominent, esp. in France. See Stephen Heath, "Ambiviolences," Tel Quel, 50 (Summer 1972), 22-43, and 51 (Autumn 1972), 64-76; Heath, "Trames de lecture," Tel Quel, 54 (Summer 1973), 4-15; Philippe Sollers, "Joyce & Co.," Tri Quarterly, special issue "In the wake of the Wake," 38 (Winter 1977), 107-21; Jennifer Levine's review article "Rejoycings in Tel Quel," James Joyce Quarterly (Structuralist/Reader Response Issue), 16, 1/2 (Fall 1978/Winter 1979), 17-26; and Colin MacCabe, James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1979). These works raise important questions, but in general (in different degrees) they are utopian in their vision of a new order, overly vague and abstract in their reading of Joyce's text, misleading in their wholesale transposition of Joyce from his Irish Catholic background to a universal postmodernist culture, and simplistic in their Freudian/Lacanian notions of the role of motherhood, fatherhood, and sexuality in Joyce's work. These problems are especially evident if we compare these works to Norris's Decentered Universe -- also influenced by Lacan and Derrida -- which, whatever its limitations, reflects a serious, critical engagement with Joyce's text. I should add that Derrida's work, despite the utopian/nihilistic

conclusions toward which his "deconstructive" project tends, maintains a precise and rigorous logic of its own, which avoids the simplistic rhetoric I am criticizing.